The Accidental Prophet

By Jonathan Olvera

When I first arrived in The United States from the cold, unforgiving lands of Eastern Russia, I had only one goal: to make an honest living writing. I submitted my work to countless magazines, desperate to see my name in print. I called my pieces "scripts" and "blogs," though most editors called them "unpublishable."

Undeterred, I poured my soul into my writing, blending science and religion in ways that would either enlighten readers or deeply confuse them. To my surprise, people actually started reading my work. Encouraged by this, I paid little attention to the who and why, too busy basking in the joy of finally having an audience.

Then, exactly a year later, something strange happened—I was contacted by members of a local church. Not only had they been reading my work, but they had also turned my writings into music. Yes, music. Songs based on my ramblings about the universe and divine energy were now being performed in churches.

I was honored. I was flattered. I was also slightly terrified.

They asked if I was a good person. A suspiciously specific question. Then they started investigating my background, as if I were some kind of spiritual leader. Before I knew it, people were treating me like a prophet. Me! A guy who once got lost in his own apartment because the power went out.

Naturally, I told them I was, indeed, a very good person (I mean, I don’t kick puppies or anything), and I promised to be a character they could believe in.

Looking back, it was a long, strange journey from Moscow to Central America, where people not only published my work but also turned me into an accidental religious icon.

And to think—I just wanted to be a blogger.